

SAYS SWEET POTATO IS A MONEY GETTER.

Informing Address at Conference on Work of the Development Board.

The News and Courier.

Of particular interest at the conference yesterday in relation to the South Carolina Development Board were the remarks of Mr. H. E. Horton, the board's manager on the sweet potato. State Senator Niels Christensen, of Beaufort, chairman, took part in the conference. The two officers told business men of the board's activities and the success it is achieving.

Mr. Horton said that at present there are 107 "curing" houses for sweet potatoes in South Carolina and as many more projected. He pointed out that this sweet potato industry has reached interesting proportions in the State, and that it is remunerative to those who are following it.

"Cotton must always be one of the big crops of the State and we may not give up its production, but the hour has struck when another cash crop must move to the fore, namely, the sweet potato," Mr. Horton said.

"Everybody, North and South, likes the sweet potato. Some of our people have not been away from home, having been in the North, have not studied the subject carefully, say the Northern man does not like the moist sugary Porto Rico variety and demands the dry poorly flavored potato grown in New Jersey, Delaware and Virginia. Opposed to this men who have made this subject their special study report the Northern man does like the moist sugary sort we like so well.

"It may be asked, why haven't we built up a demand in the Northern market for our produce? The reason why we haven't had nothing to do with excellence of the potatoes, but is due to the fact the Southern grower has never put up a standard pack and handled the selling end in the businesslike way demanded by the trade. The New Jersey grower, with an inferior article, puts up a standard pack and handles his sales like a real business man.

"What are we doing about it? The South Carolina Sweet Potato Association, backed and coached by the South Carolina Development Board, is perfecting plans at this time to grade pack and market cooperatively the pack of its eighteen member houses. The sweet potato crop will be handled in a way very similar to the way cotton will be handled by the South Carolina Cotton Growers' Cooperative Association—locals made up growers located in all parts of the State producing sweet potatoes, districts made up of locals, and finally the head selling organization. The Development Board is making the necessary studies preparatory to launching this project.

"The market demands graded stock, the so-called 'Number Ones' and 'Number Twos.' Choice Number Ones, suitable for baking (weighing 8 to 10 ounces) retail at 10 to 14 cents a pound. Number Twos for 4 to 6 cents a pound.

"To put up the choice pack it is necessary to find some use for the 'jumbos,' 'strings' and 'cuts' which must be culled out. These culms may be used to make a line of high grade by-products: Cattle feed, table syrup, vinegar, starch, flour.

"The 'curing' process makes it possible to keep potatoes from the time just prior to the first frost until the middle of the following May; and 'curing' houses located in the Piedmont district should have no difficulty 'keeping' the potatoes well into June. As we begin to get new potatoes the middle of July there is only a short interim when potatoes may not be offered on the market.

"The sweet potato grows to great perfection on the light sandy loams of the coastal plain district, and with little care produces over a hundred bushels per acre of field run, and with care may be made to produce 250 to 400 bushels per acre.

"There are 107 curing houses in the State and as many more projected. If the houses join the South Carolina Sweet Potato Association, and adhere strictly to its rules, the growing of sweet potato may be made a very remunerative business.

"Ninety per cent of the potatoes grown in the State is the Porto Rico variety, not that it is the best tasting as we all know, but because it is a big yielding variety, fairly free from disease, keeps well and stands shipping."

Leading Fairmont Citizen Dies.

Mr. A. L. Jones, for many years one of the leading men of the Fairmont section, died at Fairmont early Monday morning. Mr. Jones had been suffering from kidney trouble. Mr. Jones moved to Fairmont before the town had a railroad. He went into the saw mill business and built the road to Elrod which was later taken over by the Coast Line. He was a good business man and accumulated a comfortable fortune. He was 61 years of age.

Mrs. Phil Osteen, accompanied by her sister, Miss Nina Alford and Mrs. Elizabeth Johnson left Saturday night for Baltimore and New York to purchase fall millinery and ready to wear.

THE CHIEF IN BAD.

"You have got me in bad with lots of delinquent tax payers," said Chief of Police Britt the other day. "I told them that we would have to advertise their property in this week's issue if they didn't pay up and many of them got busy and raised the money. In fact, last Wednesday just before the paper went to press Dillon was busier than it has been since the fall of 1919. But when I opened the paper Thursday morning and there was no advertisement of delinquent taxes the first question I asked myself was 'Now where do I stand?' I have no desire to try to establish a reputation as Dillon's boss—I am I to do?" Chief Britt's intentions were good, but the law says all legal advertisements for the sale of land must be published three consecutive weeks before the day of sale, and as there are three issues of the Herald beginning next week, August 18th, before the first Monday in September, the advertisement must appear for the first time next week and be published in the next two issues. It was not Chief Britt's fault. The advertisement was held out for the proper issue at The Herald office.

Weekly Cotton Letter.

(By Savannah Cotton Factorage Co.) The cotton crop continues to deteriorate, not only in Georgia and the Carolinas but also in Oklahoma, Texas and other states. If this deterioration continues, the final yield will fall far short of the Government's estimate of 8,203,000 bales. It is reported that a private bureau's estimate of the crop condition at this time is 57 per cent of normal, indicating a yield of 7,400,000 bales, or nearly 1,000,000 bales less than the Government's first estimate.

But the course of the market will probably be governed by three factors: Whether or not the Federal Reserve Banks will assist farmers to market their cotton over a period of several months instead of being compelled to sell as fast as picked; whether or not the demand will be sufficient to force prices up; or whether or not the boll weevil conditions continue so unfavorable that the yield will be even smaller than present conditions indicate.

It is unlikely that cotton grading from strict low middling to ordinary will decline much, if any, from the present level, on the other hand, there is a good chance for these grades to advance, because differences in price between the lower grades are still too wide. If the 1921 crop is picked as fast as it opens there will be few low grades, and this will result in a narrowing of differences, which means that the owners of such cotton will profit materially.

Japan was one of the first countries to experience a financial crisis following the world war. It is interesting to know that this country has recently bought heavily of cotton in the South, and everyone hopes that other far east and European countries will soon be able to enter our markets. If they are, no doubt American mills will follow suit, and we will be another step nearer normal conditions.

BLEASE PLEASED AT CAMP JACKSON ABANDONMENT.

Yorkville Enquirer. "I am delighted to know that Camp Jackson will be abandoned," said former Governor Cole L. Blease, while in Yorkville last Thursday en route to the Felbert picnic.

That camp, especially since the armistice, has certainly been a stumbling block for Columbia and there is no way in the world to estimate its cost to the capital because of increased immorality and all that sort of thing.

"It has been the cause of the downfall of many an innocent girl and it has caused the city of Columbia to gain a most unenviable reputation for immorality—a reputation that she will be unable to live down for a long time to come.

"Now during the war while boys of our own state were training there, it was a different matter altogether. But since then some of the scummiest scum in all the earth has congregated there and there have been numerous robberies, various other kinds of disorders, assaults on white women and in fact, vice and viciousness has been rampant.

"Now understand, I don't bring that indictment against all the personnel of the camp. But the records since the armistice show that crime has been on the increase among the soldiers and there are many fine men in camp there.

"And yet there are some of our more or less prominent citizens of Columbia who would keep it there. They came to me and asked my assistance in keeping it there. I have some pretty strong friends in Washington, and it might have been that I could have been instrumental, in having it retained. Understand, I don't say that I could. But I refused to lift a finger for it. What are the hundreds of thousands of dollars that it brings to the city monthly to compare with the robbery of the virtue of one woman, to say nothing of the increase in other crime and general lawlessness? I have no hesitancy in saying that I shall be pleased when the last vestige of Camp Jackson is removed."

GRIM RETRIBUTION.

"You can say what you please about a man escaping punishment in the other world for his misdeeds," remarked one of Dillon county's well-known business men, "but one thing is certain—he does not escape it in this world. Nearly every misfortune has its origin in some little sin, some little misdeed, some violation of nature's or man's laws. Not in every case is the person upon whom the misfortune visited directly responsible. Sometimes it is the sin of an ancestor or perhaps the evil influence of an associate that ultimately brought about the misfortune for which an innocent person suffers. But after all it narrows itself down to the unalterable law of cause and effect. I had a most striking and painful illustration of this fact when I was a younger man. I had a fine pair of mules which I prized very highly. An old negro man in my community wanted those mules, but I did not want to sell them. He asked me to make him a price and I made it so high I did not think he would accept it. But he did and I had to go back on my word or let him have the mules. He paid me half cash and I took a bill of sale for the unpaid balance. Every time I saw those mules I wanted them back. Cotton did not sell high during the spring and summer months, and when the fall crop began to come on the market the price went all to pieces. Not many farmers were able to pay the expenses of making a crop. The old negro's paper was due the first of October and he could not pay it. I waited a few weeks and then took the mules back. The old negro hated to give them up, but he could not meet his obligation and there was nothing else for him to do. In some way he managed to buy an ox and cart and every time I saw him driving that old ox around my conscience hurt me. Down in my subconscious mind something kept telling me that I had not done right, but I did not have the courage or the manhood or whatever you would call it to go to that old darkey and tell him that I would extend his paper and let him have those mules back. Several times I resolved to do this but I kept putting it off. One day I sent those mules down to the water gin with a load of seed cotton. While they were standing on the bridge over the pier-head waiting for the cotton to be unloaded the old darkey turned the corner right in front of them with his ox and cart. The mules took fright, reared in the air, plunged into the mill pond and were drowned. In this tragedy there was a sermon on retribution so deeply impressive that I shall never forget it."

String Beans—and Chitterlings.

The conversation had turned to fall gardens and it was agreed without a dissenting vote that enough vegetables went to waste in Dillon county each year to feed the people through the winter. A wholesome vegetable that grows in abundance is the old field pea and it is easily preserved in the form of snaps and shelled peas. They retain their flavor and taste just as well in the winter as in the summer. Thousands of bushels of these peas go to waste in the county every year, and if the people would take the trouble to put them up in air-tight jars they would go a long ways toward cutting down the vegetable bill in the winter.

"Have you ever tried the drying process with the string bean?" inquired Mr. G. D. Barlow. "That is a simple and inexpensive way of keeping string beans through the winter. You string the beans on a thread and hang them up in the garret or some outhouse. The shell dries with the bean and when you cook them in the winter they have the flavor of the fresh string bean and eat just as well."

"I have never tried the dried string bean," remarked Dr. W. B. Smith, "but it reminds me of an incident of my young days that I shall never forget. I started out with a party of my young men friends one night to attend a wedding in my community. We crossed the Catawba river in a canoe and when we got on the other side it began to rain and we had a cloudburst. The roads were so badly washed that we decided to spend the night in a farmhouse. The party was so large that we had to stay in an outhouse. There was a distillery close by, but the roads were not too badly washed for some of the members of the party to find it. After the distillery party returned and the crowd was in a happy and congenial mood some one happened to look up and there strung out on sticks was row after row of chitterlings. In a few minutes we had a fire going, and we cut those chitterlings into small links and roasted them on the coals. I don't believe I ever ate anything that tasted quite so well. When our appetites were satisfied there were not many chitterlings left. At daylight the old woman of the house came out to see how we were getting on. She gave us a pleasant good morning, but when she saw what had been going on during the night her eyes drifted toward the empty chitterling sticks. Throwing up her hands in horror she exclaimed, 'The Lord have mercy; if they ain't eat up every chitterling I had saved to make soap grease out of!' That shows you, concluded the doctor, what a few drinks of mean liquor will make a man do."

WHAT THE BOLL WEEVIL DID.

"One of the prettiest sights I ever saw," remarked Mr. L. C. Braddy, "was down here near Monck's Corner in Berkeley county. It was a cattle farm with 250 head of the prettiest herefords and short horns you ever put your eyes on. The farm is owned by Nathaniel Heyward, formerly one of the largest cotton planters in Berkeley county. Today Mr. Heyward does not raise a stalk of cotton on his place. The boll weevil found a foot-hold in Berkeley several years ago. It cleaned up the cotton fields, and as Mr. Heyward said, almost put him in the poorhouse. He had been making from 500 to 700 bales of cotton a year; the last year he gathered only 78 bales. Mr. Heyward fenced in his place, planted it in grass and bought some breeding cattle. Last year he sold \$7000 worth of the farm and has 250 head left. Mr. Heyward is one of the happiest men I ever saw. He said he did not know how easy it was to make a living on the farm until the boll weevil came along and forced him to give up cotton. He is done with cotton forever."

Mr. Braddy bought 15 head of herefords and short horns from Mr. Heyward and is getting his place in shape for the boll weevil. He is fencing in his lands and making preparations to plant grass. He left Tuesday night for Georgia where he will spend several days on a stock farm selecting more cattle. It is Mr. Braddy's opinion that everybody should get together and have a big cattle sale here during fair week. This may be the last time the people will have any money to buy cattle and he thinks they should be encouraged to buy as many as they can well handle during the fall. There is no doubting the fact that the boll weevil is here to camp for a while, and the cotton crop in Dillon county will be cut in half next year. It is the wise man who prepares for his coming.

Honey Dew Crop a Failure.

"The honey dew crop in this section is a failure," said Postmaster Carmichael, an expert on beeology. "And there will be very little honey made in the eastern part of the state this year. I don't know how it is in other sections, but if honey dew is as scarce elsewhere as it is here honey will be worth its weight in gold this year." For many years Mr. Carmichael has worked with and made a study of the bee and what he does not know about the bee family is not worth knowing. "Honey dew forms in flower buds early in the spring," continued Mr. Carmichael, "and a late spring makes a short crop. You will remember, we had a very late spring this year and that is the best explanation I can give for the short crop of honey dew." When told that Orangeburg folk attributed the short "honey crop to the scarcity of bees, many of which they claimed, had been killed by the calcium-arsenate-molasses treatment the farmers used on their cotton to kill the boll weevil, Mr. Carmichael smiled broadly. "The bee does not get much honey out of the cotton blossom," said Mr. Carmichael. "The most of the honey is gathered in April, May and June and cotton does not bloom until about the middle of June. The bee has stored up the most of his honey before the cotton blossom opens and even when it opens he does not pay much attention to it. It has only a limited amount of honey dew and the bee has too much trouble getting it out. No, the scarcity of honey in Orangeburg is not due to boll weevil poisoning. It is due to the scarcity of honey dew. If there is any scarcity of bees it is because they have gone deeper into the swamps where the cold spring weather did less damage and honey dew flowers are more plentiful."

Let Fortune Get Away.

All that glitters is not gold, but lack of glitter is not a certain test for worthlessness, it was found by gold diggers along a river in Papua, British New Guinea, recently. While searching for gold the men encountered a bluish-gray flakish substance which they cast aside as worthless. Two months ago two pounds of this substance was bought in London by an American firm for approximately \$6,000, or eight times the value of the same amount of gold. It was osmiridium, a member of one of the hardest metals known and used for the tipping of fountain pens and for delicate bearings of fine machinery. It is worth \$200 an ounce. When the prospectors learned the value of the substance they hurried back to the river and learned that tropical rains had washed away most of the precious stuff. By careful work they raked together what was left, had it refined and sent to London.

Maj. O. M. Page returned to Virginia Monday night after spending several days at home. Maj. Page is in charge of a big road construction project in Henry and Patrick counties. He is building a stretch of hard surface road across the mountains and will be engaged in this work till October. When the present job is completed he will be engaged in a \$2,000,000 road construction project near Roanoke, Va. The work is being done with federal and state aid, the federal government putting dollar for dollar with the state.

COUNTY NEWS.

Lake View.

Mrs. R. F. Elvington and little Misses Davis and Hilda Elvington spent last week at Myrtle Beach.

Miss Lizzie Powell is visiting Miss Hattie Hood at Roanoke, Va.

Mrs. A. W. Smith has returned home after two weeks stay at Wrightsville Beach.

Miss Florie Ford is visiting Mrs. W. C. Wallace at Johnsonville.

Miss Winnie Davis Smith of Mt. Vernon, Ga., is visiting relatives near town.

Mrs. C. L. Norman and baby Hal C. of Chicago, are here for an extended visit to relatives.

Miss Elizabeth Graham of Rennett, N. C., spent part of last week with Mrs. D. K. Ford.

Miss Florence Shaw of Sumter was the guest of Miss Ethel Simpson last week.

Mrs. L. W. Temple, Misses Alimae, Hattie, Sadie and Lyall Nichols Temple, Mrs. Jane Temple Watson and little Miss Betty Joe Watson are at Wrightsville Beach for the remainder of the summer.

Mrs. Missour, Ford of Bristol, Fla., is visiting relatives here.

Miss Kate Stello of Charleston spent the week end in town.

Carolina.

Mrs. T. J. Bennett recently visited her sister Mrs. Jim McQueen of Rowland.

Mrs. Lilly McDonald and children of Clio are spending several days with the former's brother, Mr. J. E. Norton.

Rev. and Mrs. Neill McInnis and two small daughters, of Smithfield, N. C., are on a visit to the former's mother, Mrs. C. M. McInnis.

Mr. N. D. Alford of St. George is visiting relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Morrison of McColl spent Sunday at the home of Mr. Dunk McLaurin.

Rev. C. G. Brown left last Monday for Montreat for a stay of several days.

Mr. Dan Henderson lead an interesting meeting of Christian Endeavor Sunday night. Three short talks were made on the topic, which was "True Temperance in Our Hearts and Lives." Several good thoughts were expressed on topics. Hearty singing by the society and a solo by Bill McInnis helped make this one of our best meetings.

The death angel entered the home of Mr. and Mrs. Laurin McInnis on Sunday, August 7th and bore the sweet spirit of their only son, James Laurin, to its Heavenly home. He had been sick for almost a week but his condition did not become alarming until Saturday night. All that loving hands and a skilled physician could do could not stay the fatal disease. For three years and two months he was lent to earthly parents and devoted sisters as a bright ray of sunshine, but God in his infinite wisdom saw fit to call him to join the throng before his throne, where "Thousands of children stand." The little body was laid to rest in Carolina cemetery the following day beneath a bank of beautiful flowers.

Fork.

Miss Marie Vaughan has returned to her home at Lamar after visiting Mr. J. E. Carmichael.

R. J. J. M. Rogers of Lynchburg, S. C., spent several days last week here with his mother, Mrs. Mary Rogers.

Miss Sadie Moore has returned home from Bennettsville where she visited friends.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Moody of Kemper spent Sunday with Dr. and Mrs. N. N. Schofield.

Mr. Eugene Marley of Columbia spent Sunday at the home of Mrs. L. K. Bethea and was accompanied home by Mrs. Marley who has been spending some time here.

Messrs. Eugene Carmichael and Burt Roberts spent a few days last week in Camden with friends.

Dr. and Mrs. T. W. Carmichael of Rowland visited relatives here Sunday.

Miss Gertrude Breeden of Bennettsville is the guest of Miss Sadie Moore.

The ladies of the Fork School Improvement Association will have a public meeting Friday evening, August 19th in the school auditorium. A very interesting program has been arranged and the public is cordially invited to attend.

Co. Officers Settle With Comptroller.

The foreman of the grand jury, other county officials interested in the settlement with Mr. H. F. Jackson, representing the comptroller general met in the office of the County Auditor on Friday for the purpose of witnessing the annual settlement between the Auditor and Treasurer for 1920 taxes. The accounts were found in a satisfactory condition and no changes or alterations were necessary.

The taxes for the past year exceeded those of any previous year by a considerable amount, the amount of the actual taxes being \$71,438.54 for State purposes, \$128,403.51 for all county purposes and \$117,089.21 for school purposes, making a total of \$316,931.26. The actual amount involved in the settlement was \$76,299.61 for state purposes, \$232,359.88 for school purposes and \$280,735.08 for all county purposes making a total of \$589,394.57. The last figures include balance of previous year, money borrowed and all other miscellaneous collections.

GIRL ATTEMPTS SUICIDE.

"I Am Tired of Life at Seventeen," She Wrote.

Pee Dee Advocate.

Miss Nellie McLendon, a seventeen year old white girl, who is in jail for disorderly conduct in Bennettsville, attempted suicide in jail Tuesday night by tightly tying and twisting a scarf around her neck. In a note left for Deputy Sheriff Hyatt she said: "I am not going to see another day dawn in this place if self murder will prevent. I am tired of life at seventeen."

The girl was arrested in Bennettsville on July 22 for reckless driving and being drunk and disorderly in company with Jim Davis. Mayor Crosland had previously had several complaints about her conduct in and near the city. He sentenced her to \$100 or 30 days in jail. She failed to pay the fine, and after she had been in jail a week, Mayor Crosland had her released on condition that she would leave Bennettsville and remain out of the city. On August 4, less than a day after she was released, Chief Cunningham arrested her at night, near the depot, and put her back in jail, where she has since remained. She occupies a cell in the female ward on the first floor.

Jim Brown, the old negro who is serving a life term for murder, and is the sexton at the court house, occupies another cell on the first floor, which remains unlocked. Before day yesterday morning Jim in passing through the hallway, going to the closet, saw a note hanging by a string outside of Miss McLendon's cell. Jim then knocked on Mr. Hytt's door and told him about seeing the note. Mr. Hytt told him he would get it when he got up. After day Mr. Hytt got up and got the note. It read as follows:

"Mr. Hytt, I am not going to see another day dawn in this place if self murder will prevent. I am going to kill myself tonight. When you find me in the morning I hope I will be dead. My people don't care for me. I am desperate from remaining in jail so long. Am tired of life at seventeen. Good bye. As ever, Nellie McLendon."

Mr. Hytt then went into the cell and found the girl in a semi-conscious condition, with a scarf tightly tied and twisted around her neck. Mr. Hytt quickly removed the scarf and summoned Dr. J. F. Kinney, the county physician. Dr. Kinney said that life was almost extinct, and that in a few minutes more she would have been beyond help. He administered stimulants and restoratives, Miss McLendon is a member of a good family, a daughter of B. Frank McLendon, of Richmond county N. C. She is said to be an incorrigible daughter, her parents not being able to keep her at home or do anything with her. She is good looking and intelligent. The note, which she tied out side her cell is written in a good hand.

About two years ago the same girl attempted suicide in the Dillon county jail. She followed a carnival to Dillon and was arrested for alleged immoral conduct. While confined in the Dillon jail she attempted to hang herself with a scarf. Deputy Britt discovered her in time to save her life. She was only a child and promised to begin life over again. Mr. Britt got her a position. She held the position several days and gave it up. In the note Mr. Britt had communicated to her parents and they came to Dillon and took her home.)

A Snake Story From Leeds.

Chester Reporter.

Here's a good snake story sent The Reporter by one of our readers at Leeds.

Mr. Editor:—Please allow me space in your paper to tell you readers how I killed a family of snakes the other day. I was down in the bottoms working on my pasture, and a snake went across me under the wire. She stopped just on the other side of the wire under some bushes. I could not get to hit her for the bushes. Well, I just took a post and jabbed it in her. Well, that held her fast. Then I commenced beating her. Then I got my axe and chopped her head, and I took her on my post as it was sticking in her. I dashed her up the hill, and I looked back at her. When she hit the ground there were 15 more snakes running around there.

Well, I went to killing and counting until I counted fifteen. I just stopped counting until I killed them all. Then raked them off one by one and counted them and there were 35 little snakes about the size of a large pencil and about as long as a case knife.

I think she was the mother and the grandmother and perhaps the great-grandmother of the snake family. She was about as large as a wire post. She was the biggest snake I ever saw in my life.

First Bale at Augusta.

Augusta, Ga., Aug. 11.—The first bale of new cotton marketed here this season was sold at public auction today from the cotton exchange, and brought 22 cents a pound. It was graded strict middling. The grower is C. A. L. Anderson of Chauncey, Ga.